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The HANGMAN

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What Your Body Looks Like Inside

HANGMAN



THE HANGMAN AND THE PROPHET!

AS THOUGH FROM THE PAGES OF THE BIBLE STEPPED THE FANTASTIC FIGURE OF *THE PROPHET* PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO A JEERING PEOPLE! WHAT WAS THE STRANGE SECRET OF THIS CREATURE OF THE PAST? THE SECRET THAT WAS TO LEAD THE HANGMAN INTO THE BIZARRE ADVENTURE OF
THE VOICE OF DOOM!

IT IS THE EVENING OF DEC 7, 1941!

GATHER AROUND ME, MY PEOPLE! HARKEN TO THE WARNING OF THE PROPHET BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



BEWARE! I WARN THEE, BEWARE! YOU ARE LIVING IN A WORLD OF FLAME AND BRWISTONE! AT ANY MOMENT THE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING WILL CRASH FROM THE SKY! YOUR ENEMIES ARE READY TO STRIKE!

STRANGE OLD FELLOW ISN'T HE, THELMA? I WONDER IF ---



SHUT UP, YOU WARMONGER!

KEEP TALKIN', PROPHET, YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT IDEA!



IF YOU WERENT BLIND YOU'D REALIZE THIS COUNTRY IS UNPREPARED! ASLEEP!

OH YEAH?



I'LL PUT YOU TO SLEEP, WISE-GUY! YOU'RE BOTH TRYIN' TO STIK' UP TROUBLE! YOU AND THAT PHONY PROPHET!



SOCK 'IM, TW! THE GUY'S A FIFTH COLUMNIST!

SO IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT, EH?

LEMME AT 'IM!



AND AMONGST THE CROWD, BOB DICKERING AND THELMA GORDON ---

COME ON, THEL, WE'D BETTER GET THE POLICE BEFORE THIS DEVELOPS INTO A FIRST CLASS RIOT!





ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS
BREAK IT UP! WHO
STARTED THIS FIGHT
ANYHOW?



IT'S THAT PHONY **PROPHET** AGAIN! C'MON YOU! YOU'VE
BEEN SHOOTIN' YER MOUTH OFF ON MY BEAT
FOR THE LAST TIME! THIS TIME I'M
RUNNIN' YOU IN!



--AND I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS
OR WHERE HE CAME FROM, CHIEF--



BUT EVERY NIGHT FOR A WEEK HE'S
BEEN SHOUTIN' SOMETHING ABOUT
DEATH FROM THE SKIES! EVEN SAID
IT WOULD HAPPEN
TONIGHT!



JUST THEN-- FLASH-- OUR
NAVAL BASE AT PEARL HARBOR
HAS JUST BEEN BOMBED
BY THE JAPANESE!



THAT MAN'S
A SPY!
THE FBI
WILL TAKE CARE
OF YOU!

YOU KNEW ALL ABOUT
THAT BOMBING BE-
FORE IT HAPPENED!



HELLO, F.B.I.? THIS IS SERGE-
ANT KELLY! WE'VE GOT A
SPY DOWN HERE! SEND
OVER A COUPLE OF MEN
RIGHT AWAY!



THE F.B.I. MEN ARRIVE--
SOUNDS SCREWY TO
ME-- A SPY CALLING
HIMSELF **THE
PROPHET!**

YEAH,
YOU NE-
VER CAN
TELL WHAT
THOSE JAPS
WILL DO
NEXT!



DON'T TRY TO HAND US ANY OF THAT PROPHET STUFF, GRANDPA! WHO TOLD YOU ABOUT THAT BOMBING? YOU'D BETTER START TALKING!

I TRIED TO WARN YOU, AND YOU SCOFF AT ME! I SHALL SAY NO MORE!



WHO HELPED YOU? WHO ARE YOU WORKING FOR?

IT'S NO USE, BILL, HE'S SHUT UP LIKE A CLAM!



WHEW! I GIVE UP, SARGE! THIS FELLOW'S JUST A HARMLESS OLD CRACKPOT! SEND HIM OVER TO NIGHT COURT!



MEANWHILE, AT NIGHT COURT-----

YOUR HONOR, HERE'S A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS TO RELEASE MY CLIENT, ARSON JOE!

VERY CLEVER, RAND BUT SOMEDAY YOU'LL MAKE A MISTAKE! THEY ALL DO!



NICE WORK, RAND! I KNEW YOU'D SPRING ME!

YOU FOOL! I TOLD YOU TO BE CAREFUL!



NEXT CASE! HERE HE COMES NOW, BOB-THE PROPHET! I TELL YOU, THERE'S A STORY HERE SOMEWHERE!

MAYBE SO THELMA. THAT PREDICTION OF HIS WAS CERTAINLY A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE-TO SAY THE LEAST!



INCITING A RIOT, EH? WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY?

ONLY THIS! YOU'RE A PACK OF FOOLS-ALL OF YOU!



WHAT? YEA--I GIVE THEE ANOTHER PROPHECY! BLACKNESS WILL SMITE THIS CITY TO-MORROW NIGHT- ITS LIGHTS EXTINGUISHED!



AW, YOU'RE NUTS--- GREAT SCOTT---
THAT CAR AHEAD, IT'S SKID-
DING!

I'VE GOT TO SWERVE
OFF THE ROAD!

THANKS FOR WARNING ME,
PROPHET! I GUESS YOU'RE
THE REAL MCCOY AFTER
ALL! HOP IN, I'LL TAKE YOU
OVER TO MY PLACE!

BOYS MEET MY PAL, *THE PROPHET*.
HE REALLY KNOWS WHAT'S
GOING TO HAPPEN!

GEE, DIXIE MUST BE GETTIN'
SOFT-- FALLIN' FOR
THAT GUY'S LINE!

YEAH!

HOLY SMOKE! I JUST
REMEMBERED! THE
OLD BOY PROPHESIED
THE CITY LIGHTS
WOULD GO OUT
TOMORROW NIGHT!
HMM--- I WONDER---

EX--EXCUSE US, PRO-
PHET, I'D LIKE TO HAVE
A---AHM--- PRIVATE
TALK WITH MY
FALS!

NEXT NIGHT AT ARMY HEAD-
QUARTERS---
IS EVERYTHING
IN READINESS
FOR THIS CITY'S
**SURPRISE
BLACKOUT!**

YES,
SIR--

AND IN THE APARTMENT OF
BOB DICKERIN---

WHEEEEEEEEEEE

BOB! WHAT'S
THAT!

SOUNDS LIKE
A SIREN!

GREAT SCOT! IT'S A SURPRISE BLACK-OUT, THELMA --- AND I'M AN AIR-RAID WARDEN! C'MON, I'VE GOT TO BE ON THE JOB! I SEE ALL THE LIGHTS ARE OUT IN THIS AREA!



WHY THAT'S STRANGE! THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE BANK!



ID BETTER GO IN AND NOTIFY THE NIGHT WATCHMAN OF THE BLACKOUT! GUESS HE DIDN'T HEAR THE SIREN! YOU WAIT HERE, THEL!



WHILE INSIDE THE BANK, AS THE NIGHT WATCHMAN MAKES HIS ROUNDS ---

LET HIM HAVE, IT, DUTCH!

HE'S GOT IT! AND HOW!



BOY, DIXIE'S HUNCH ABOUT THAT *PROPHET* WAS OKAY, DIS BLACKOUT IS MADE TO ORDER!

SHUT UP AND GET THAT SAFE OPEN!



JUST THEN, THE TERRIFYING SYMBOL OF DOOM FOR ALL CRIMINALS APPEARS --- THE SHADOW OF *THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE*!



OPENING NIGHT, EH, BOYS?

I'M AFRAID YOU LUGS NEED MORE REHEARSING!





THE JIG'S UP! WHEREVER THAT HANGMAN IS-THAT'S WHERE I DON'T WANNA BE!

YEEOW!... GANGWAY-GIMME ROOM!

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF

GET THAT MOTOR RUNNING! WE GOT A CHANCE FOR A GET-AWAY WHILE THE HANGMAN'S BUSY LOOKIN' AT THE WATCHMAN!

STOP GABBIN AND HOP IN!



WAIT FOR ME, BOYS! I'M GOING YOUR WAY!

NOT TONIGHT, YOU AINT HANGMAN! GET OFF DAT RUNNING BOARD!

YOU NAILED HIM FOR GOOD JOE!

QUICK, HANDOVER DAT TOMMY. DIS IS OUR CHANCE TO GET RID OF HM PERMANENT!



OKAY! LET AM HAVE IT!

GR/AX! HE'S GOT MORE LIVES THAN A CAT! DERE HE GOES ROLLIN' INTO DAT STAIR-WELL!

HANGMAN! I SAW THE WHOLE THING! WHAT HAPPENED?

BANK ROB-BERS, THE!

WHAT I CANT FIGURE OUT IS HOW THEY PICKED JUST THE NIGHT OF A SURPRISE BLACK-OUT-ALMOST AS IF THEY KNEW ABOUT IT IN ADVANCE!



THEY LOOKED LIKE SOME OF RAND'S GANG--
SAY!-- RAND--- BLACKOUT-- THAT PROPHET--
OF COURSE! I SEE IT ALL NOW! LISTEN,
THELMA, CALL THE POLICE AND GET THEM
OVER TO RAND'S PLACE AS FAST AS YOU
CAN! HURRY, WE
HAVEN'T A MINUTE
TO SPARE!



MEANWHILE AT RAND'S APARTMENT---

YOU SEE, BOYS, THE PROPHET WAS RIGHT ABOUT
THAT BLACKOUT! IF THE HANGMAN HADN'T SHOWN
UP, WE WOULD HAVE MADE A CLEAN GET-AWAY!



BUT, UNSEEN, THE PROPHET HAS
ENTERED---

SO! YOU HAVE
TURNED MY PROPHECY TO
YOUR EVIL PURPOSES!



HOW DID
HE GET
IN HERE?

HE HEARD ABOUT THAT
BANK JOB! I'LL HAVE TO
DO SOME FAST TALKIN'!



WHY, PROPHET! HOW COULD YOU
THINK SUCH A THING! WE'RE HONEST
BUSINESSMEN! HOW ABOUT A NICE
LITTLE PREDICTION FOR TOMOR-
ROW NIGHT, EH?



WELL, C'MON, OPEN UP!
I'M GOING TO GET A
PROPHECY IF I HAVE
TO SLAP IT OUT OF
YOU!

VERY WELL THEN, IF YOU
INSIST! I PREDICT
THAT YOU SHALL DIE
IN THE HANGMAN'S
NOOSE!



WHY, YOU DIRTY--- SO I'M GOING TO
DIE, AM I? WELL HERE'S MY PREDICTION,
YOU'RE CROAKIN' RIGHT NOW!



SUDDENLY, RAND STOPS
ASHAST AS HE SEES THE
DREAD SIGN OF THE HANGMAN.

WHA---
WHAT'S THAT?

YOU'VE COM-
MITTED YOUR
LAST
CRIME,
RAND!

THE---
THE HANG-
MAN!



SO YOU KILLED *THE PROPHET*,
EH, RAND? WELL I HEARD HIS
LAST PROPHECY!



AND I'M GOING TO SEE
TO IT THAT IT COMES TRUE!

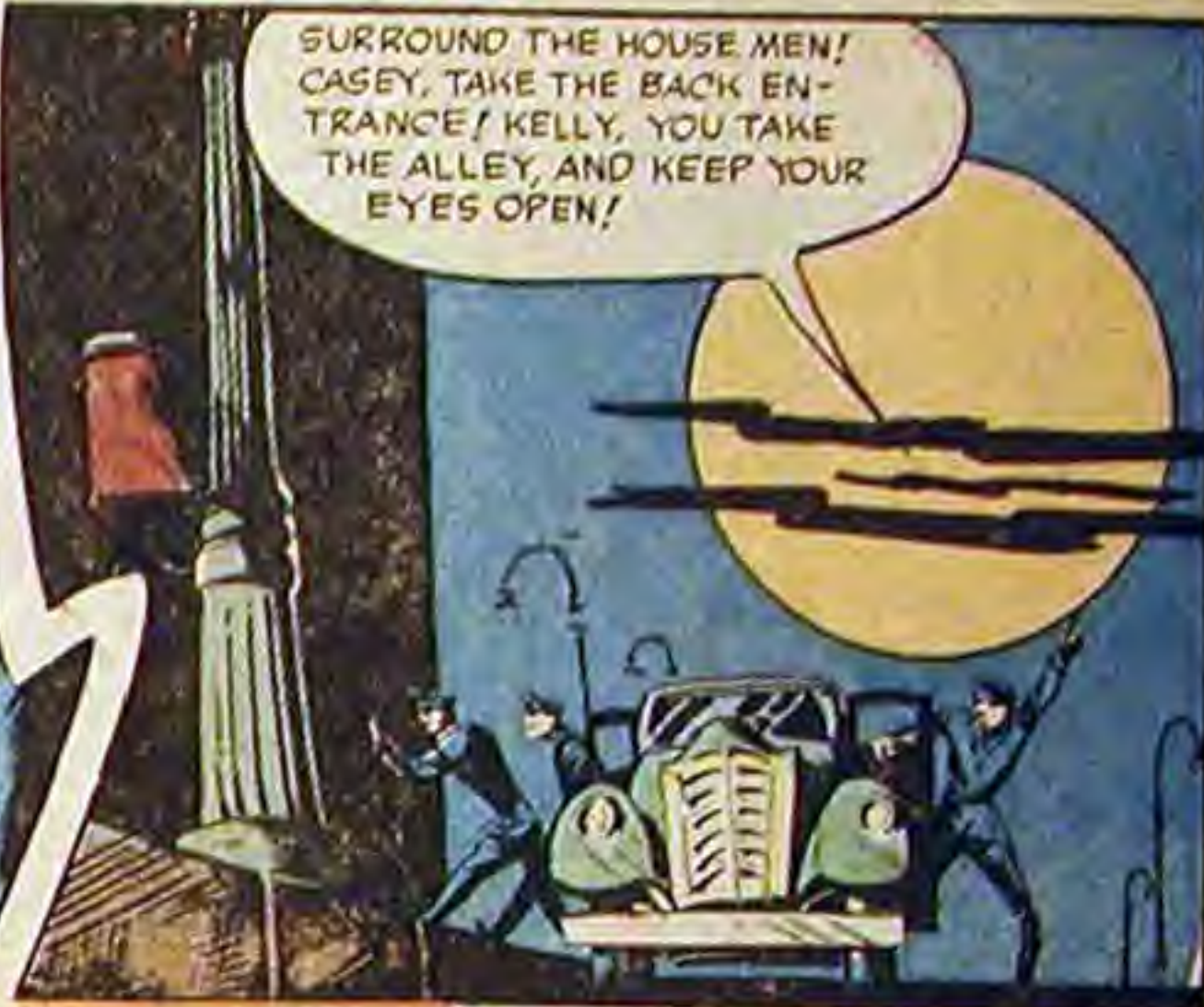


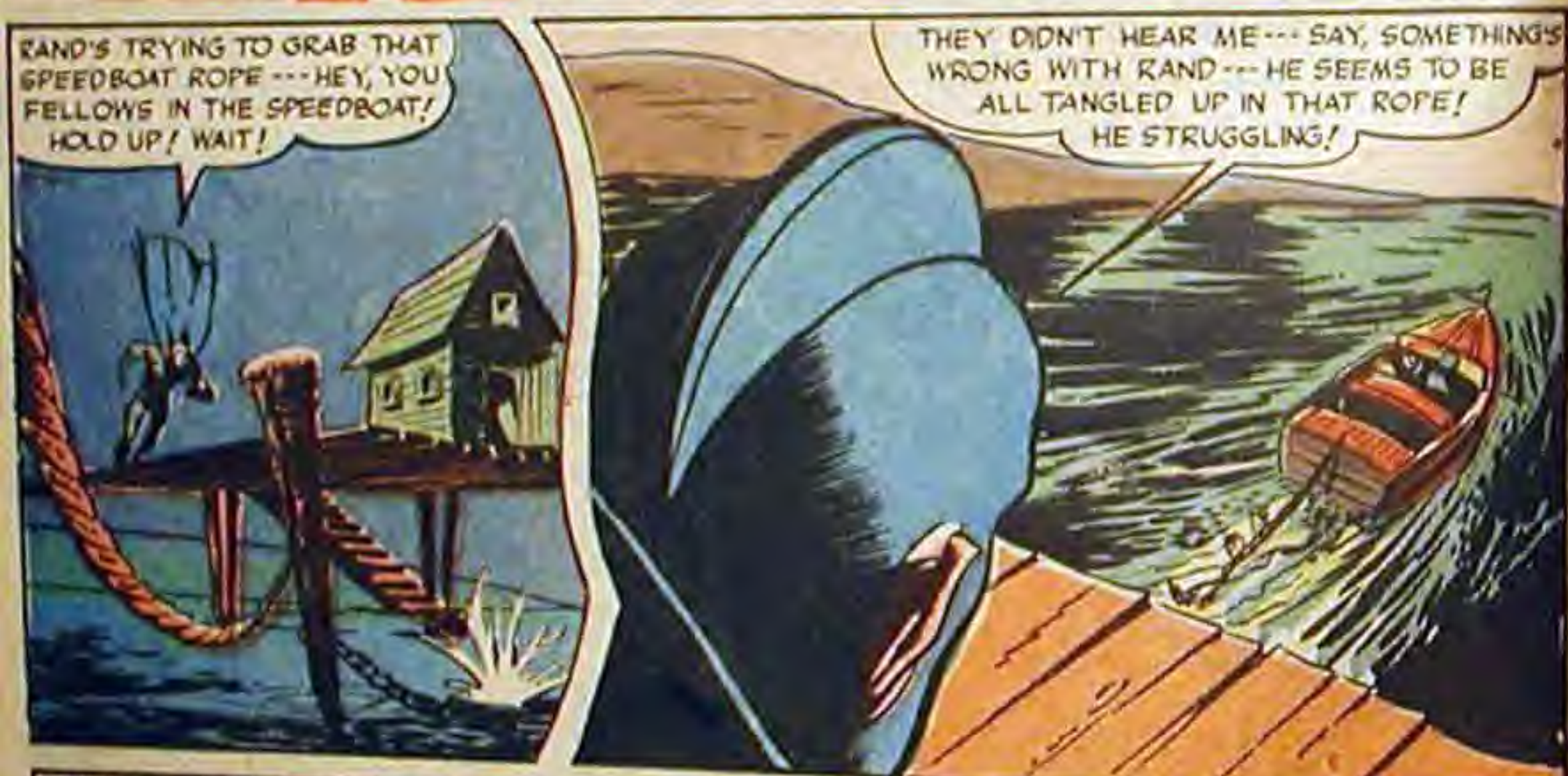
THE POLICE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE, RAND!
YOU'VE DONE A LOT OF FAST TALKING UP TO
NOW! BUT YOU WON'T TALK
YOURSELF
OUT OF THE
GALLOWS!



NICE GOING, CHIMP! C'MON, YOU GUYS, LET'S
BEAT IT BEFORE THE COPS GET HERE!



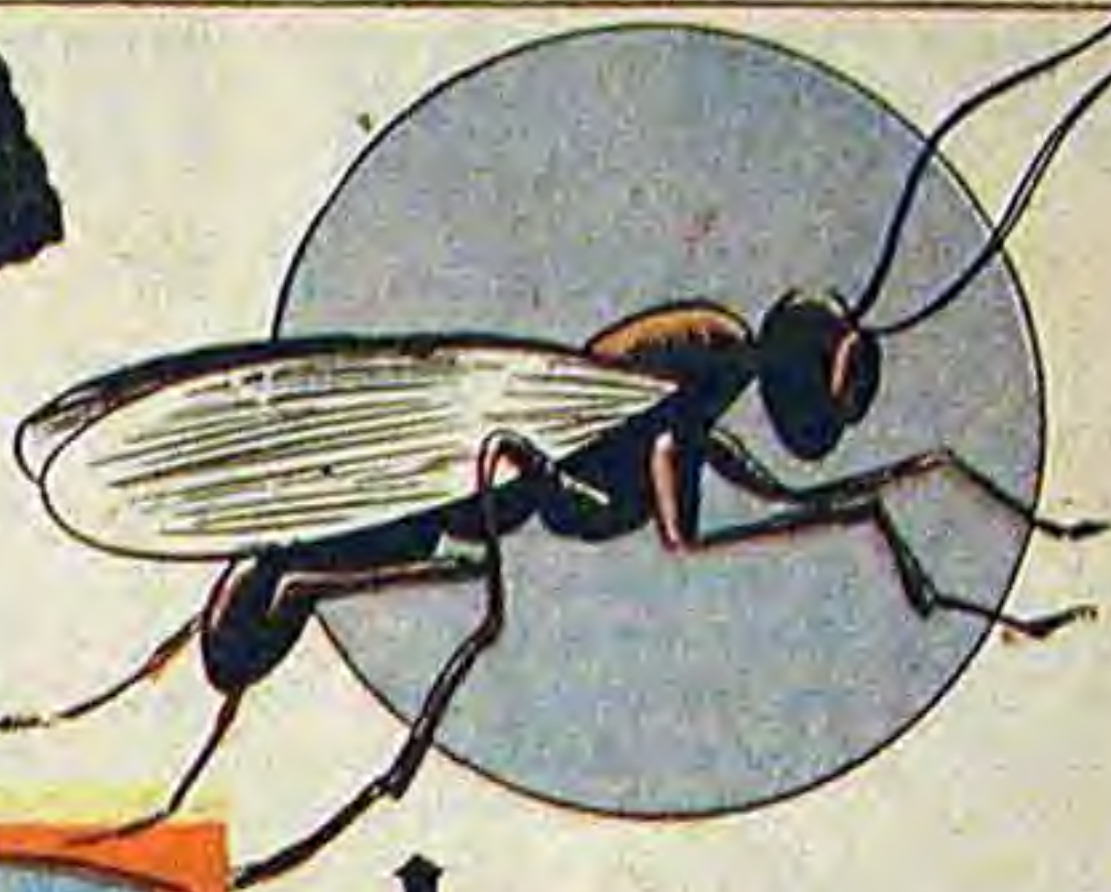




WORLD WONDERS



WILLIAM PENDERGAST, THE FIGHTING IRISHMAN OF DUCHESS COUNTY, NEW YORK, IN 1754 LED AN ARMY OF UP STATE NEW YORK FARMERS IN REVOLT AGAINST NEW YORK CITY AND MADE AN UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORT TO CAPTURE IT!



TERMITES AND OTHER INSECTS ARE THE CAUSE OF WARS AMONG SOME AFRICAN TRIBES... THEY ARE HIGHLY REGARDED AS A DELICACY TO SERVE TO VISITING ROYALTY.

A FISH CAN DROWN

IF TRAPPED IN A FISH NET WITH HUNDREDS OF SMALLER FISH, A SHARK WILL SUFFOCATE AND DROWN!



THOMAS ANELLO, A FISHERMAN OF NAPLES, INSPIRED HIS FELLOW ITALIAN COUNTRYMEN TO REVOLT AGAINST THE CRUEL SPANIARDS AND FOR HIS EFFORT WAS MADE A **KING** OVERNIGHT!

-655

CHLOROFORM FOR THE CORPSE

A HANGMAN STORY

By SCOTT FELDMAN

BOB DICKERING didn't like it.

Thelma Gordon had gone to spend the week-end at the apartment of Margaret Moore, the singer, in another city. She'd gone there to discuss Miss Moore's appearance at the forthcoming Society Relief Ball, and that's all there was to it. Margaret Moore, at 45, was well-known as a stiff-backed, respectable to the nth degree woman, and Thelma had anticipated a dull three days.

And then, on the very evening Thelma had arrived at Margaret Moore's apartment, Bob had received a phone call from her. "Hangman," Thelma's voice, low and frightened, had said, "come at once! Something terrible's happened."

So, Bob didn't like it. As The Hangman, he leaped into his car and drove down to Margaret Moore's apartment. The moment he entered the door, he liked it less.

Police were scattered all around the place. There must have been fully a dozen of them. And in the center of the room, seated in a deep red Morris chair, was Thelma Gordon.

She had handcuffs on her wrists. . . .

Lieutenant Brady of Homicide was there too, and he knew The Hangman. Brady smiled. "No use, Hangman," he said. "This case is cut and dried."

The Hangman looked at him, his eyes puzzled. "What case?" he asked.

"Don't you know?" Brady asked. "This blonde dame here just knocked off Margaret

Moore, the concert singer. Did it very neat, too. Crept up to Moore when she was sleeping and suffocated her with an overdose of chloroform . . ."

"What," The Hangman said, "makes you think Thelma Gordon did it?"

Brady's eyebrows lifted. "I see you know the blonde babe's name," he said. "Well, Hangman, I'll tell you. If the coroner tells you the corpse died from an overdose of chloroform, and you happen to spot a week-end guest's luggage open with a bottle of chloroform plainly visible, wouldn't you, too, kind of figure maybe that guest had something to do with the crime?"

"Maybe I would," The Hangman said. He turned to Thelma. "What about that chloroform, Thelma?"

Thelma looked up at him. There were tears deep in her eyes. "Someone planted it," she said. "Someone planted it on me."

Brady guffawed. "That's what they all say . . ."

"Easy, Brady," The Hangman said. "Don't be so quick to pin this charge on Miss Gordon. You're liable to find yourself looking pretty foolish." He spun around on his heel, and looked at a row of doors down the hall. "Which is Miss Moore's room?" he asked.

"Third door on the left," Brady said. "I'll show you." He led the way down the hall, and entered a room. The Hangman followed him, keen eyes missing nothing.

He noted the articles of

furniture, the ultra-modern bed, dressing table and chairs. He noted the modern indirect lighting, the modern pictures on the walls. And then he noted that the window was open. . . .

That was funny. Why leave a window open in mid-winter?

"Was Miss Moore found dead in this room?" The Hangman asked.

"Right," said Brady. "The Black Maria took her down to the morgue just a couple of minutes before you arrived."

"Then tell me one thing, Brady. Do you know whether Margaret Moore was a fresh air fiend?"

"Blamed if I can tell you," Brady said. "I didn't know the dame personal." An idea suddenly lighted up his face. "Her maid probably can tell you, though. I'll get her."

"Good idea," said The Hangman. "As a matter of fact, you might assemble everyone who was in the house at the time of the murder. If my hunch is correct, I may be able to tell you who *really* killed Margaret Moore!"

Four people other than Margaret Moore had been in the house at the time of the murder. The Hangman looked them over.

One, Thelma Gordon. Two, Mary Allen, Margaret Moore's maid. Three, Gerald Moore, Margaret's brother, who lived in the house and wrote many of Miss Moore's songs. And four, Katherine Cole, a friend of Margaret's. Katherine had started out on a singing career at exactly the same time as

Miss Moore, but had been very much less successful, and had given up after two years of tryouts.

The Hangman turned to Miss Moore's maid. "Miss Allen," he said, "I'll ask you the same question I asked Lieutenant Brady. Was Margaret Moore a fresh air fiend?"

Mary Allen smiled sadly. "If anything, she was just the opposite," she said. "She hated breezes blowing on her when she slept. The windows in her room were always tightly locked."

The Hangman nodded. His hunch had been correct. He'd suspected Miss Moore didn't like her window open when he'd looked at it. The paint at the sides of the window had been smooth, almost unbroken, indicating that the window was rarely opened.

And yet it had been opened on the night of the murder. Why?

The Hangman rejected the possibility that it had been opened to permit someone to enter the house. There was no fire escape outside, and Miss Moore occupied the fifteenth floor of an apartment building.

The Hangman knew the reason.

"I want to establish a fact," he said. "Will you, Miss Allen, and you, Mr. Moore, testify that Thelma Gordon has spent week-ends here before this one?"

"Several times," Moore said. "Probably more than a dozen in the last few years. Miss Moore always appeared at Miss Gordon's society benefits, and Miss Gordon stayed here often to discuss the entertainment program."

"Good. And now—you, Miss Allen. How long have you been employed by Miss Moore?"

"I've been with her for ten years."

"And you've lived here with her in this apartment for how long?"

"Ever since she moved into this place five years ago."

The Hangman smiled again. "And you, Mr. Moore, how long have you lived in this apartment?"

"Five years," Moore said. He frowned. "I don't get what you're driving at."

"You will in a minute," The Hangman said. He turned and looked at Katherine Cole. "How often have you stayed here in the past, Miss Cole?"

Katherine Cole was a big woman with cold, hard eyes. "This is my first visit," she said. . . .

And then she moved back and pressed against the wall. The shadow of a noose had fallen across her features.

"There's your murderer, Lieutenant Brady," The Hangman said.

Brady scratched his head and looked vague.

"Didn't you stop to wonder why the window was left open in Miss Moore's room? You heard Mary Allen testify that Miss Moore hated breezes blowing across her face." He paused as sudden understanding spread over Brady's features. "Exactly. The killer entered Miss Moore's room and killed her with an overdose of chloroform. The killer had one purpose in using this unique method of murder. If, by the time the murder was discovered the smell of chloroform had gone from the room, murder wouldn't even be suspected. Miss Moore's death would be put down to natural causes—overwork, perhaps."

He paused for breath. "And so the killer opened the win-

dow to let the smell go out—and in doing so made the mistake which is going to send her to the gallows. She revealed herself as the only person in the household who wasn't familiar with the workings of the place. This is an ultra-modern apartment. The killer, having never been here before, didn't know one thing which every other person staying here did know—that no window had to be opened to dispel the odor of chloroform, because the apartment is air conditioned!"

The Hangman looked at the murderess. "This is pure deduction, but I'm willing to bet that Thelma's room is right next to Katherine Cole's, with an adjoining door in between. Katherine Cole slipped into Thelma's room as Thelma slept, and put the chloroform into Thelma's overnight bag. This was for safety's sake, in case someone found out about the chloroform."

"And someone did, too," Brady said. "Mary Allen came into Miss Moore's room to see if she was comfortable, and smelled the chloroform. That was how the murder was discovered."

"Well, there it is," The Hangman said. "Correct, Miss Cole?"

Katherine Cole slumped into a chair. "Everything you said is true," she said, wearily. "I was jealous of her, and I fixed her for good. She beat me out of all my chances—became a success at singing while I had to give up. I brooded over it—felt that I had to pay her back. And I did. I did!"

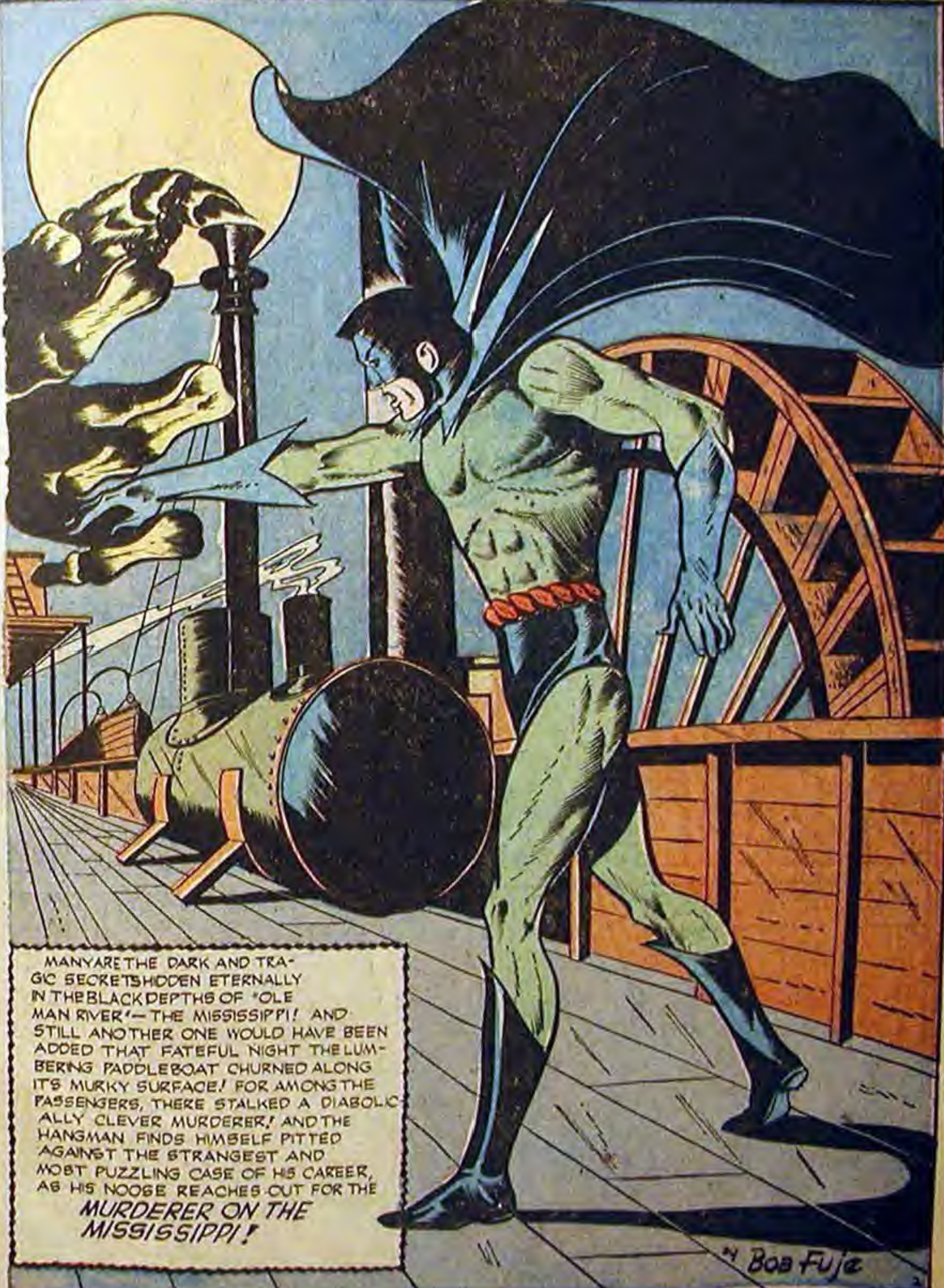
"All right, Brady," The Hangman said. "Take the cuffs off Miss Gordon—and duck! She looks as if she's going to sock you—and darned if I won't stand around and applaud while she does."

THE

HUMAN

ANNU





MANY ARE THE DARK AND TRAGIC SECRETS HIDDEN ETERNALLY IN THE BLACK DEPTHS OF 'OLE MAN RIVER'—THE MISSISSIPPI! AND STILL ANOTHER ONE WOULD HAVE BEEN ADDED THAT FATEFUL NIGHT THE LUMBERING PADDLEBOAT CHURNED ALONG ITS MURKY SURFACE! FOR AMONG THE PASSENGERS, THERE STALKED A DIABOLICALLY CLEVER MURDERER! AND THE HANGMAN FINDS HIMSELF PITTED AGAINST THE STRANGEST AND MOST PUZZLING CASE OF HIS CAREER, AS HIS NOOSE REACHES OUT FOR THE
MURDERER ON THE MISSISSIPPI!

BY BOB FUJE

ON A MISSISSIPPI RIVER STEAMBOAT---

IM GLAD YOU GOT THE IDEA FOR A VACATION, BOB! THIS SEA AIR IS SWEET!

SURE IS! SAY, WE MUST BE READY TO LEAVE PORT! THE LAST PASSENGERS ARE COMING ABOARD!

A PARSON COMES UP THE GANGPLANK---

WHAT'S WRONG MY GOOD MAN? YOU SEEM TO BE HAVING TROUBLE!

TROUBLE IS RIGHT! WHAT'VE YOU GOT IN THIS SUITCASE-ROCKS?

HA, HA! I AM TRAVELING RATHER HEAVY AT THAT! HERE-- PERHAPS A TIP WILL RECOMPENSE YOU FOR YOUR TROUBLE!

THANKS, PARSON! WOW! SURE FEELS GOOD TO PUT THAT SUITCASE DOWN!

RIGHT BEHIND THE PARSON COME TWO MORE PASSENGERS----

TAKE US TO OUR STATEROOM QUICKLY, STEWARD! POOR FFI IS TRED--- I WANT TO FEED HER!

SUDDENLY---

FFI! STOP THAT THIS MINUTE!

IT SEEMS YOUR DOG DOESN'T LIKE ME, MISS--- MISS---

MRS. EVE BRADBURY FFI IS SUCH A NAUGHTY DOG!

THEN AS MR. AND MRS. BRADBURY CONTINUE ON THEIR WAY---

HEY! YOU'VE DROPPED MY SUITCASE!

IM AWFULLY SORRY, SIR! I'LL HAVE YOUR BELONGINGS BACK IN A JIFFY!

OH NO, YOU DONT! GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF MY THINGS, YOU ---

WHA..?





THE HANGMAN RACES TO THE
END OF THE BOAT---



AND DIVES RIGHT INTO
THE WATER---



NOW TO GET TO THE BOTTOM
AND FIND OUT IF I SAW RIGHT!



I WASN'T
MISTAKEN!



HMM! IT'S THE
TOUGH GUY--- THE
ONE WHO WAS
SETTING OUT TO
STRANGLE
THAT STEWARD!



I'D BETTER
DRAG THE BODY
ONTO SHORE!---



--- BECAUSE YOU CAN'T
PROSECUTE A MURDERER
WITHOUT SHOWING A
CORPSE!



AND NOW I'D BETTER
FINISH UP MY PLAN...
AND THEN TRY TO
CATCH THE SHIP
AT THE NEXT
PORT!



SOME TIME LATER...



NEXT DAY, AS THE STEAMBOAT AGAIN MAKES PORT---

THAT'S RIGHT, MEN. PUSH THE CRATE RIGHT UP ONTO THIS BOAT!



BOB DICKERING! WHERE ON EARTH HAVE YOU BEEN?

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS NEWSPAPER THE!



DAILY TIMES
REED JEWELS STOLEN

DON WILKINSON
DON WILKINSON EMPLOYEE
AS SOCIAL SECRETARY
TO ROSS REED
STOLE



WHY-- WHY, WILKINSON IS THE MAN WHO ATTACKED THE STEWARD!

WAS THE MAN, THE! HE'S PLENTY DEAD! SOMEONE KNIFED HIM. LOADED HIS BODY DOWN WITH ROCKS AND TOSSED HIM OVERBOARD!



AGAIN DICKERING BECOMES THE HANGMAN!

AND I THINK I KNOW WHO COMMITTED THE MURDER!



THE HANGMAN HEADS DIRECTLY TOWARD THE STATEROOM OF MRS EVE BRADBURY! EVE SITS QUIETLY BEFORE A MIRROR--

I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO DON, LATELY!



SUDDENLY---

THE HANGMAN'S MOOSE!



ALL TELL YOU WHAT'S HAPPENED TO DON! HE'S BEEN MURDERED--MURDERED FOR THE JEWELS HE STOLE!



AND I'VE REASON TO SUSPECT YOU KNOW PLENTY ABOUT HIS DEATH! TALK!

I-- I'LL TALK! I TALKED HIM INTO STEALING THE JEWELS! WE WANTED TO GET MARRIED, AND WE COULDN'T BECAUSE OF THE CHICKEN FEED HE EARNED AS A SOCIAL SECRETARY!



BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE MURDER! I SWEAR IT!



MEANWHILE, THELMA HAS HER OWN IDEAS ABOUT THE MURDER--

BOB IS WRONG IN THINKING THAT WOMAN DID IT-- I'M SURE THE MURDERER IS THAT GANGSTER, MONK FREDRICKS!



NOW IF I CAN ONLY FIND THE JEWELS HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THIS STATEROOM!



JUST THEN---

ALL RIGHT, YOU! GET YOUR HANDS OUT OF THAT DRAWER!



I DON'T LIKE SNOOPY DAMES, SEE?



GET MOVIN'! YOU AND ME ARE GOIN FOR A LITTLE ONE-WAY WALK!

TSK, TSK! WONT YOU EVEN LET A GIRL PRETTY HERSELF UP?



BUT IF YOU'RE IN AN AWFUL HURRY-- I WONT KEEP YOU WAITING!



AND NOW MR. FREDRICKS GET YOUR HANDS UP!

MY EYES! MY EYES!



SOME MINUTES LATER---

HERE'S THE ONE YOU OUGHT TO QUESTION ABOUT THE MURDER, HANGMAN! HE PULLED A GUN ON ME, BUT I MANAGED TO GET IT AWAY FROM HIM!



SUDDENLY FREDRICKS SWERVES--

MURDER!
YOU'RE NOT HANG-
ING A MURDER
RAP ON ME!



TAKE IT EASY,
FREDRICKS!



NOBODY'S HANGING ANYTHING
ON YOU!



BUT IF YOU WANT TO
STAY HEALTHY---



--STICK
AROUND
A WHILE!



ALL RIGHT, HANGMAN--
BUT I DON'T HAVE
A HAND IN ANY
MURDER--



IT'S JUST THAT--WELL, YOU KNOW
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF A GUY
WITH MY REP WERE TRIED FOR
MURDER! I'D BE CONVICTED
EVEN IF I DIDN'T DO IT!



LISTEN, THEL-- YOU'D BET-
TER GO AND GET THE
STEWARD WHILE I CRUISE
AROUND A BIT!





THEN THE HANGMAN PROCEEDS
BACK TO EVE'S STATEROOM----

AND NOW HERE'S
WHAT I WANTED TO
SHOW YOU!

ONE OF YOU KILLED
THIS MAN--AND I'M
PRETTY SURE I KNOW
WHICH ONE!

WELL, WHAT ARE
YOU LOOKING AT ME
FOR? I---I HAVEN'T
ANY PART IN THIS
BUSINESS! I'M HERE
AS A WITNESS!

NO, FRIEND, I'M AFRAID THE GAME'S UP! YOU
CAN TAKE OFF THAT PHONY REVERSED
COLLAR! YOU'RE NO MORE A
PARSON THAN I AM!

I KNEW YOU WERENT A PARSON WHEN I SAW
THAT YOU WERE WEARING SPATS! A PARSON
WOULDN'T WEAR SPATS! THEN I REMEMBERED
YOUR SUITCASE--- THE ONE SO
HEAVY THE STEWARD ASKED IF IT
WAS FILLED WITH ROCKS! I WENT
TO YOUR STATEROOM AND FOUND
THE BAG EMPTY, IT HAD
BEEN FILLED WITH

ROCKS----
ROCKS TO
WEIGH DOWN
WILKINSON'S
BODY WHEN
YOU THREW
HIM OVER-
BOARD!

ALL RIGHT, HANGMAN--- YOU'VE GOT
IT ALL FIGURED OUT! SURE I'M REED,
WHOSE JEWELS WERE STOLEN BY
WILKINSON! BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT
ME YET!

THELMA LIFTS HER GUN BUT--

WAIT, THELMA--DONT
SHOOT! THERE ARE ONE
OR TWO THINGS HE
HASN'T EXPLAINED!
I WANT TO GET HIM
ALIVE!

THE FOOL! WHERE DOES HE
EXPECT TO RUN ABOARD
SHIP?

THE CHASE CONTINUES--DOWN DECKS, THROUGH CABINS, THROUGH THE SALON----

TSK, TSK! MISSED!
YOU'LL HAVE TO
DO BETTER
THAN THAT!



UNTIL FINALLY REED RACES ROUND A CORNER AND
LEAPS INTO A LIFEBOAT--

AS SOON AS HE TURNS
THE CORNER, I'LL PUT A
BULLET THROUGH HIS
HEAD!



AND AS THE HANGMAN STARES AROUND HIM--

I WONDER WHERE HE
COULD HAVE GONE!

YOU'LL FIND OUT
SOON ENOUGH,
HANGMAN!



BUT-- GREAT HEAVENS! THE
GUNS OUT OF
BULLETS!



BUT IF I CAN'T
USE THE GUN TO
SHOOT YOU--



I'LL USE
IT TO
CRACK YOUR
HEAD OPEN!



AND NOW TO THROW HIM INTO
THE SHIP'S PADDLE-WHEEL!
HE'LL BE CRUSHED--
MANGLED!



BUT SUDDENLY--





AND REED HIMSELF FALLS INTO THE PADDLES---

AEEFF



QUICK! STOP THE BOAT!



THE SHIP'S OFFICERS HAUL REED UP.



BUT--- I'LL GET A DOCTOR!

NO-- IT'S NO USE! M-- DYING!



!--- DONT SUPPOSE THERE'S MUCH HARM IN TELLING EVERYTHING--- NOW! HERE, HANGMAN, HERE ARE THE JEWELS WILKINSON STOLE FROM ME!



WHY--WHY, THESE JEWELS ARE PHONY, THEY'RE PASTE!



EXACTLY, YOU SEE, TO FAWNED THE REAL JEWELS! THEN I HAD THESE MADE-- AND TEMPTED WILKINSON TO STEAL THEM! WHEN HE DID, I COLLECTED THE INSURANCE! NATURALLY I HAD TO COME AFTER HIM AND KILL HIM-- BECAUSE WHEN HE'D TRY TO SELL THEM SOMEWHERE THE WHOLE THING MIGHT COME OUT-- SO-- I-- I



HE'S DEAD!



AND THE PADDLE BOAT CHURNS ALONG THE FACE OF 'OLE MAN RIVER' THE RIVER WHOSE MURKY WATERS WOULD HAVE ADDED ANOTHER TO ITS MANY DARK SECRETS BUT FOR THE HANGMAN!

HOLY CATS! I
CAN'T JUMP! I
FORGOT TO PACK
MY COPY OF THE
SWELL NEW
ARCHIE COMICS!



HANGMAN



FROM OUT OF A SHABBY GARRET FILLED WITH PAINTINGS WHICH DON'T MAKE THE GRADE STEPPED **THE ARTIST**, A MAD MURDERER WHO PAID BACK FRANKNESS ---- WITH DEATH! **THE ARTIST** WAS FRUSTRATED. HIS PAINTINGS WERE NOT MAKING HIM FAMOUS ---- AND HE SET OUT TO MAKE SURE THE WORLD WOULD HEAR OF THEM! HE PAINTED PICTURES OF VARIOUS PEOPLE BEING MURDERED ---- AND PROCEEDED TO KILL THE PEOPLE IN EXACTLY THE WAY PICTURED! SO A GREAT MANY PEOPLE CAME TO HEAR OF **THE ARTIST**! AND ONE OF THESE PEOPLE WAS THE ARCH-ENEMY OF EVIL ----

THE HANGMAN!

Bob Fudge
T. D. PRETA

OUR STORY OPENS AT THE
STUDIO OF NORTON ROCKHILL,
FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTER---



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS AND--



MR. ROCKHILL,
COULD I--- SEE
YOU FOR A
MINUTE?



WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? I'VE
TOLD YOU THAT YOUR WORK
SHOWS ABSOLUTELY NO PRO-
MISE! WILL YOU PLEASE STOP AN-
NOYING ME!



JUST A MOMENT, MR. ROCKHILL!
THIS PAINTING IS QUITE DE-
FERENT FROM THE
OTHERS! I'M SURE
IT'LL INTEREST
YOU----



GET READY FOR A SUR-
PRISE, MY DEAR MR.
ROCKHILL!



LOOK! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY
MASTERPIECE? THAT'S THE WAY
YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, ROCKHILL!
HEH, HEH! THAT'S THE WAY
YOU'RE
GOING
TO DIE!



WHAT...? WILSON, HAVE
YOU GONE MAD? NO--
DONT! NO!
NO!



AEEEEEE



HOURS LATER, AN EXTRA
HITS THE STREETS---

AND AT BOB DICKERSON'S HOME--

HMM! FUNNY ABOUT THAT
PAINTING!

I THINK THE HANGMAN
HAD BETTER LOOK
INTO THIS!

NEW YORK PRESS

NORTON ROCKHILL MURDERED



STRANGE PAINTING
ONLY CLUE TO
MURDERER

AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE PO-
LICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE--

I TELL YOU, MR. COMMISSIONER,
YOU'VE GOT TO FIND THIS
MURDERER! YOU'VE GOT TO---
OR HE'LL KILL US NEXT!

LOOK--YOU SEE THIS
PAINTING FOUND ON ROCK-
HILL'S BODY! WELL, EACH
OF US RECEIVED A
SIMILAR PAINTING
IN THE MORNING
MAIL--TELLING HOW
WE WERE GOING TO
DIE!

ARE YOU GOING TO PERMIT THIS MAD-
MAN TO ROAM THE STREETS?
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO
DO ABOUT IT? ANSWER
ME!

GENTLEMEN! GENTLE-
MEN! PLEASE! THE
POLICE ARE DOING
ALL THEY CAN!

SUDDENLY, A FIGURE EN-
TERS THE ROOM. THE
HANGMAN!

MR.
COMMISSIONER!

I'VE COME TO TELL YOU THAT
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT
THIS CASE! WITHIN THREE
DAYS, I HOPE TO CRACK
IT FOR YOU!

AND NOW LET'S LOOK INTO THE PAST! WHAT STARTED JOHN WILSON, THE ARTIST, ON HIS BLOODY CAREER? READ ON AND SEE, AS WILSON ENTERS A SWANKY ART GALLERY---



INSIDE THE GALLERY, WILSON PLEADS WITH JULIAN JONES, OWNER OF THE GALLERY---

ALL RIGHT, WILSON! IF ONLY TO STOP YOU FROM ANNOYING ME, I'LL LOOK AT YOUR BLASTED PAINTINGS!



WHEW! WE'VE WALKED THREE FLIGHTS ALREADY! HOW MUCH FURTHER IS IT?



FINALLY, THEY REACH WILSON'S GARRET---

WHAT A RELIEF TO SIT DOWN---HEY, THIS CHAIR'S CAVING IN!



OH, PLEASE, MR. JONES! PLEASE DON'T GO! PLEASE!

ALL RIGHT! BUT YOUR PAINTINGS HAD BETTER BE WORTHWHILE!



THEY ARE, SIR--- THEY ARE! HERE-- THIS IS MY MASTERPIECE, WINTER MORN!



WHAT! IS THAT YOUR MASTERPIECE? GOOD HEAVENS, MAN--- IT'S AWFUL!



HA, HA, HA! I GUESS THE JOKE'S ON ME! COMING ALL THE WAY OVER TO SEE THAT!



THEN LATER, WILSON ENTERED
AN ART STORE---

I HOPE HE HAS THOSE
SUPPLIES READY FOR
ME!

CHARGE--ELEVEN DOLLARS! BUT
I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY RIGHT NOW!
COULDN'T YOU-- COULDN'T YOU
EXTEND ME CREDIT?

WHAT! NO MONEY! THEN
GET OUT OF HERE!
WHERE WOULD YOU
GET MONEY TO
PAY ME BACK IF
I EXTENDED
YOU CREDIT?

NO! NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE
THESE SUPPLIES BACK! I NEED
THEM FOR MY WORK!

AND IF YOU WON'T GIVE THEM
TO ME ON CREDIT, I'LL TAKE
THEM FREE!

OH, YEAH? THAT'S
WHAT YOU
THINK!

GET TOUGH WITH ME, WILL YA?
I'LL BREAK YOUR
SCRAWNY NECK!

BUT WILSON
SEIZES AN
ARTIST'S
KNIFE, AND---

YAAAAAH

I-- I'VE KILLED HIM! I'VE KILLED HIM!

IVE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

HOURS LATER---

GET THE LATEST PAPER! MURDER IN AN ART SUPPLY STORE!

AND THE ARTIST RUSHES OUT OF THE STORE, FORGETTING THE PORTRAIT HE HAD BROUGHT WITH HIM

HEY--- MY--MY PAPER! WHAT HAPPENED TO MY NEWS-PAPER?

HEY-- YOU CROOK! COME BACK WITH THAT NEWSPAPER!

LOOK! THEY'VE GIVEN THE MURDER A FULL-PAGE SPREAD! AND--AND THERE'S THE PORTRAIT I PAINTED FEATURED RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF IT!

WHAT A TWIST OF FATE! BEFORE THIS I COULDN'T GET MY PAINTINGS EXHIBITED ANYWHERE! AND NOW-- THROUGH MURDER-- MILLIONS WILL SEE MY WORK!

VERY WELL THEN! THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! I'LL PAY BACK A FEW DEBTS---AND BECOME A WORLD-FAVORUS PAINTER AT THE SAME TIME!

WILSON RETURNS TO JONAS' ART GALLERY---

WHAT-WHO'S THERE?

YOU AGAIN! GET OUT!
I TOLD YOU WHAT I THINK
OF YOUR PAINTINGS!

JUST A MOMENT! I'M SURE
THIS PAINTING WILL PLEASE
YOU MORE!

GET OUT OF MY
WAY WHILE I
UNWRAP IT!

THERE, MR. JONAS! HOW
DO YOU LIKE *THIS*
PAINTING?

[...] I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT'S
WRONG WITH YOU, WILSON? HAVE
YOU GONE CRAZY?

YES, MR. JONAS! I'VE
GONE CRAZY ALL
RIGHT---

KILL-
CRAZY!

AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW--
MURDER AFTER MURDER OCCURS
IN THE ART FIELD---



AND THEN, AT THE OFFICE OF THE
EDITOR OF ART REVIEWS MAGAZINE---



EH? WHAT'S THAT?
A PACKAGE FOR ME?



GOOD--
GOOD LORD!
WHAT DOES
THIS MEAN?



THIS
IS WHAT
IT MEANS,
MR. EDITOR!

AND DOWNSTAIRS, THE HANGMAN
WHO HAS BEEN SCOURING THE
ART DISTRICT, HEARS---



A
SHOT!

ART
REVIEWS
MAGAZINES

THAT TOOK CARE OF
HIM! NOW TO-- GOOD LORD!
IT-- IT'S-- THE HANGMAN!



SO YOU'RE
THE ARTIST!
LOOKS LIKE
I'VE COME TO
THE END OF
THE TRAIL!





THE NEXT DAY, THE ARTIST SCANS A NEWSPAPER---

ART NEWS
ART EXHIBIT TODAY
AT AMBOY HALL.
MICHAEL LAURIE
FAMOUS ART CRITIC
TO PRESIDE.

INTERESTING/
VERY INTERESTING/
A SPLENDID OPPOR-
TUNITY TO RENEW
MY ACQUAINTANCE-
SHIP WITH MR. LAURIE.

THE GREAT MR. LAURIE WHO ONCE SNEERED AT ME...
RIDICULED ME. I DON'T THINK HE'LL SNEER THIS
TIME. IN FACT I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED
IF MY WORK OF ART WERE TO LEAVE HIM
BREATHLESS. HA HA HA! YES! FOREVER BREATHLESS!

LATER THAT DAY, MICHAEL LAURIE
ARRIVES AT AMBOY HALL---

THERE'S
LAURIE
NOW!

I GUESS THE
EXHIBIT'S
ABOUT TO
START!

INSIDE, LAURIE MOUNTS THE STAGE--

I WILL NOW PRO-
CEED TO DISCUSS
THESE PAINTINGS!

AND AS LAURIE TALKS, A
FIGURE WATCHES TENSELY,
--- **THE HANGMAN!**

UNLESS I MISS
MY GUESS,
THERE'S GOING
TO BE ACTION
ANY MINUTE
NOW!

NOTE THIS PAINTING ---
A PORTRAIT BY KENMANN!!
NOTE ITS SIMPLICITY---ITS
DEEP SOMBRE BEAUTY!
A GREAT WORK!

AND NOW FOR THE
NEXT PAINTING! IT---
GOOD HEAVENS!

IT---IT'S THE ARTIST!
HE'S AFTER ME!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON,
LAURIE! NOTHING'S
GONG TO HAPPEN
TO YOU!

BUT EVEN AS THE HANGMAN
RUSHES INTO PROTECT LAURIE,
UP IN THE LIGHT TOWER A FIGURE
CLINGING TO THE SHADOWS MAKES
ITS WAY TOWARD THE LIGHT
SWITCH. PULLS IT...

THE HALL IS PLUNGED
INTO BLACKNESS!
SUDDENLY, A FLASH-
LIGHT GLIMMERS...

...AND THROWS ITS
EERIE RAYS OVER THE
HORROR-TWISTED
FEATURES OF--MICHAEL
LAURIE!

NO!
NO!

THEN SUDDENLY...

SORRY,
LAURIE--
BUT THIS
IS FOR
YOUR OWN
GOOD!

THE BLOW THROWS
LAURIE TO THE FLOOR--
JUST IN TIME! AN AXE
WHIZZES PAST HIS HEAD.

...THEN THE LIGHTS FLICK ON,
THE ARTIST STANDS ON THE
STAGE---





I DONT LIKE PEOPLE WHO SWING AXES AT ME---



AND SOMETIMES I'M NOT TOO GENTLE WITH 'EM!



THE ARTIST CRASHES RIGHT THROUGH HIS OWN CANVAS!



HERE'S THE MAN WHO'S BEEN TERRORIZING THE ART FIELD FOR THE PAST WEEK! ONE OF YOU MEN GET THE POLICE!



LATER---

I CANT UNDERSTAND IT, HANGMAN! WHAT WAS HIS MOTIVE FOR ALL THESE CRIMES!

BITTERNESS, LAURIE! BITTERNESS AT HIS LACK OF SUCCESS IN THE ART FIELD!

THE CRITICISMS FAMOUS ARTISTS MADE OF HIS WORK WARPED HIS MIND! HE SET OUT TO KILL ALL THE PEOPLE HE FELT WERE AGAINST HIM! BUT HE'S COMMITTED HIS LAST MURDER! THE GALLOWS WILL MARK THE END OF HIS BLOODY CAREER!



The HANGMAN'S PUZZLE



HERE IS A MYSTERY FOR YOU TO SOLVE. STARTING FROM THE BOTTOM OF THIS MAZE, IF YOU DRAW A LINE WITHOUT TOUCHING ANY OTHER LINE IT WILL REACH THE MURDERER OF THE DEAD MAN. SEE IF YOU CAN PICK OUT THE CORRECT SUSPECT BEFORE YOU START.

THIS IS BELLA MALLET, THE MURDERED MAN'S DAUGHTER. SHE HATED HER FATHER BECAUSE OF HIS CRUEL TREATMENT OF HER FIANCÉ.



THIS IS BILL SCOTT, BELLA'S FIANCÉ, AND MR. MALLET'S BITTER ENEMY. MALLET HAD RUINED SCOTT'S FATHER WITH A CROOKED TRANSACTION.



THIS IS SYLVIA SOSHA, THE DANCER, WHO WAS BEING BLACKMAILED BY MR. MALLET FOR AN OLD CRIME SHE HAD DONE.



THIS IS DAVID CROST, THE EX-BUSINESS PARTNER OF MR. MALLET. MALLET HAD SWINDLED HIM OUT OF \$800,000.



BOY BUDDIES

SPECIAL CASE No. 10

Dusty and Roy

by Paul Reinman



THERE WAS AN AIR OF TENSION IN THE BIG COURT ROOM WHEN JOHNNY TEMPLETON, NO. 1 RACKETEER, WAS LED AWAY AS THE ACCUSED! ONLY A FEW MINUTES BEFORE HE'D FALSELY ACCUSED INNOCENT GLORIA GILBERT, THE MAYOR'S DAUGHTER, OF MURDER. THE COURTROOM WAS THE SCENE OF SUDDEN TURMOIL AS JOHNNY SWERVED GRABBED A POLICEMAN'S GUN, AND FIRED AT DR. FARNSWORTH, WHO HAD JUST BROUGHT FORTH EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM! THE BOY BUDDIES, WHO ARE AMONG THE SPECTATORS, TRY TO SAVE THEIR FRIEND DR. FARNSWORTH! WHILE ROY TRIES TO GET THE DOCTOR OUT OF THE BULLETS PATH, DUSTY MAKES FOR THE ASSASSIN.

GRAB HIM!
HE'S MAKING
FOR THE
WINDOW!

GOTTA
GET OUT
OF HERE!

WHAT A FOOL! HE
FORGOT TO OPEN
IT! TSK TSK!

CRASH

JUST WHAT I
WAS LOOKN' FOR!
I HOPE IT'S A FAST
ONE!

OH NO
YOU DON'T,
BROTHER! NO
MORE GET-
AWAYS FOR
YOU!

I'M SORRY, OFFICER,
I'M AFRAID HE WON'T
BE ABLE TO WALK
BACK RIGHT NOW! YOU
SEE, HE FELL AGAINST
THE DOOR OF THE
CAR, UNFORTUNATELY!

GOOD WORK, ME
BOY! YOU SAVED US
A LOT OF TROUBLE!

JUST THEN, THEY CARRY
THE UNCONSCIOUS DOCTOR
TO A WAITING AMBULANCE.

GEE, I HOPE
HE PULLS
THRU! POOR
DOC!

LATER AT THE HOSPITAL---

JUST LIE STILL AND DON'T EXERT YOURSELF! YOU'VE LOST A LOT OF BLOOD! LUCKILY HE MISSED YOUR HEART BY AN INCH!

COME IN BOYS! AS YOU SEE, YOU CAN'T GET RO OF ME SO EASILY. IM TOO TOUGH!

DONT STAY TOO LONG, PLEASE!

I SHOULD'VE LISTENED TO YOU BOYS! YOU KNOW BAD COMPANY! THAT BIG HEARTED JOHNNY TEMPLETON, AND THEN 'WINE, WOMEN AND SONG'!. JUST LOOK AT ME NOW, BRILLIANT DR. FARNEWORTH!

THATS WHAT THEY USED TO CALL ME! BUT I LOVED A GOOD TIME, TOO MUCH, IM AFRAID! YES AND I SAW TOO MANY BOTTLES, JUST LIKE HERE---

WHEN I MET HIM, GLORIA WAS WITH HIM...

COME ON, MAKE IT SNAPPY YOU TWO! WE'VE GOT TO GET GON'!

"THAT WHICH HATH MADE THEM DRUNK, HATH MADE ME BOLD, WHAT HATH QUENCHED THEM, HATH GIVEN ME FIRE!"

"GOOD NIGHT, GOOD-NIGHT, PARTING IS SUCH A SWEET SORROW, THAT A I SHALL SAY GOOD NIGHT TILL IT BE TOMORROW!"

OKAY, SHAKESPEARE, THAT'S ENOUGH! NOW LET'S GO!

HURRY UP AND GET IN, DOC! DONT YOU SEE THE LADY IS TIRED AND WANTS TO GO HOME?

CAST OFF MY GOOD-NIGHT MAN, CAST OFF!

AND AS WE DROVE THRU
THE QUIET COUNTRYSIDE...

STOP, PLEASE,
MY FRIEND IS
HURT!

WHAT'S THAT
JOHNNY? LOOKS LIKE
SOMEBODY IN
DISTRESS!

WELL, OF
ALL THE---

GET IN,
YOU DRUNKEN
FOOL!

WHAT'S HAPPEN-
ED, BOYS? CAN
I HELP YOU?
I'M A DOCTOR!

HE'S
GOT A NASTY
CUT ON HIS
FOREHEAD!
HE---

WELL WHAT DO
YOU THINK OF THAT!
SUCH CALLOUSNESS! HE
MUST BE HEARTLESS!

AS YOU SEE, DOC, I PULLED
THRU ALL RIGHT! IT WAS ONLY
A CUT!

YES, DUSTY, THAT
WAS ONLY ONE OF
THE CHARACTER-
ISTICS OF JOHNNY
TEMPLETON---

I'M SORRY,
MY BOY!

HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR ONE OF THE
WORST CRIME WAVES IN THE ANNALS OF
OF OUR FAIR CITY! HE SEEMED TO BE IMMUNE
TO PROSECUTION, ESPECIALLY SINCE OUR
ENERGETIC MAYOR WAS BUSY IN THE
CAPITOL!



Courier News
MAN KILLED

Worm

10 BANKS ROB

RACKET

MAYOR THREATENS
DEPARTMENT

Daily Sentinel

CRIME WAVE HITS
OUR

SLAIN

NOW LISTEN, JOHNNY, GO EASY, WILL YOU! THE MAYOR WROTE ME FROM THE CAPITOL TO Wipe OUT THE RECENT WAVE OF CRIMES, OR HE'LL BE BACK AND DO IT HIMSELF!

OH, HE WILL, WILL HE? WHY, THAT'S JUST DANDY! DON'T WORRY MULLY, I'LL FIX HIM, AND FOR GOOD TOO! YOU KNOW, I'M A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF GLORIA, HIS DAUGHTER! GET IT?

THAT EVENING, JOHNNY THREW ONE OF HIS WILD PARTIES! GLORIA WAS THERE.

I GOT SPURS THAT
JINGLE JANGLE
JINGLE ♪ ♪

HIYA,
BABE!

GET YOUR
DIRTY HANDS
OFF OF HER,
TWITCHY!

I TOLD
YOU NOT TO ANNOY US!

IN COLD RAGE, JOHNNY
TOOK TWITCHY INTO THE
ADJOINING ROOM----

[...]...D...
DON'T MEAN
IT, BOSS!

SHUT UP, AND
GET IN HERE!

A FEW
MINUTES LATER,
HE CAME BACK ALONE!
HE WALKED OVER TO ME--

GET YOUR THINGS READY
NOW! I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE
TO TRY OUT YOUR NEW EX-
PERIMENT! YOU KNOW, THE
ONE ABOUT AMNESIA!

I HOPE SHE WON'T NOTICE THE TASTE OF THIS SLEEPING POWDER!

WELL, HERE'S TO YOUR FUTURE, GLORIA! MAY IT BE A HAPPY ONE!

OOOH, I FEEL SO DROWSY I'M SOOO TIRED, SO TIRED! GOT TO LIE DOWN!

COME ON, DOC, FOLLOW ME AND LOCK THE DOOR AFTER YOU!

WELL I HOPE IT WORKS OR WE'LL BOTH BE SUNK! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO KILL HIM?

HE WAS TOO MUCH OF A WISE GUY!

I WORKED FAST TO GET THE RIGHT SOLUTION...

ARE YOU SURE, DOC, THAT WHEN SHE WAKES UP SHE WON'T RE-MEMBER WHAT HAPPENED?

THIS INJECTION WILL CAUSE AN AMNESIA WHICH WILL LAST FROM THREE TO FOUR HOURS!

AND NOW, MY BEAUTIFUL GLORIA, WHEN YOU WAKE UP, YOU WON'T EVEN KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED! THAT'S A GOOD ONE ON YOUR OLD MAN! HA, HA, HA!



W--WHERE AM I?
WHO AM I? I CAN'T
REMEMBER ANYTHING!

WHAT'S THAT?
DO I KILL HIM?
HOW HORRIBLE!

BUT THE FOLLOWING WEEK
MAYOR GILBERT RETURN
CITY, ALARMED BY THE RISING WAVE
OF CRIME... THAT SETTLES IT!

GEORGE 'TWITCHY'
HOLMDALE WAS FOUND MURDERED
LAST NIGHT! HIS BODY WAS
FLOATING IN THE EAST RIVER!
HE WAS A HENCHMAN OF
JOHNNY TEMPLETON!
INTOLERABLE!

MULLIGAN, WHY DIDN'T YOU DO
SOMETHING ABOUT ALL THESE MURDERS?
WHY DO I PUT YOU IN CHARGE? WHY
DIDN'T YOU TRY TO GET
THAT JOHNNY TEMPLETON?
THE WHOLE TOWN KNOWS
THAT HE'S BEHIND ALL
THIS! BRING HIM IN
TODAY!

A FEW HOURS
LATER----

HIYA, MAYOR,
IF YOU WANTED
TO SEE ME, YOU
DONT HAVE TO
SEND THE WHOLE
FORCE!

NOW LISTEN YOU
PUNK, I'LL GET
THE GOODS
ON YOU YET!
JUST WAIT
AND SEE!

I WOULDN'T
TALK SO LOUD
MAYOR! YOU MAY
NOT KNOW IT,
BUT YOU AND YOUR
DAUGHTER ARE IN
IT, BUT DEEP!

TAKE
A LOOK AT THIS!
THERE'S YOUR MURDER-
ER OF TWITCHY, YOUR
DAUGHTER, GLORIA!
WELL, WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO DO
ABOUT THAT?

NOW YOU TAKE YOUR ORDERS
FROM US OR IT'S CURTAINS
FOR YOU AND GLORIA! GET IT?
JUST KEEP AWAY FROM
ME, AND YOUR DAUGHTER'LL
REMAIN FREE!

YOU WIN, TEMPLETON!
I'M HELPLESS! I'VE WARNED
HER REPEATEDLY TO
STAY AWAY FROM
YOU AND YOUR
FAST CROWD!



BUT THRU A QUEER COINCIDENCE AN OFFICER
HAD NOT GOTTEN THE ORDER TO STAY
AWAY FROM TEMPLETON---



HEY YOU
TEMPLETON, I WAS
JUST LOOKIN' FOR
YOU! COME ALONG!

I TELL YOU GUYS, JUST
LET ME TALK TO THE
MAYOR! I DON'T KNOW ANY-
THING ABOUT THAT MURDER!



HE WAS YOUR
PAL WASN'T
HE?

COME CLEAN NOW, TEMPLETON!
I FOUND THIS IN YOUR POCKET! SO
YOU TRIED TO SHIELD HER!
WELL, WE'LL HOLD YOU AS A
MATERIAL WITNESS!



ALL RIGHT, COP-
PER, I'LL TALK!
GLORIA GIL-
BERT KILLED
HIM!

AND SO GLORIA HAD TO STAND
TRIAL FOR MURDER---

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE
JURY, WE SHALL PROVE TO YOU
HOW GLORIA GILBERT SHOT
AND KILLED THAT POORMAN
IN COLD BLOOD! AND
THEN, MIND YOU, SHE
WENT DANCING AT A
PARTY OF A CERTAIN
MR. TEMPLETON!



AND YOU SAY
WHEN YOU ENTERED THE
ROOM THERE WAS GLORIA
STANDING WITH A GUN IN
HER HAND, OVER THE
BODY OF YOUR
FRIEND? AND
YOU TOOK
THE SNAP-
SHOT?



STEADY,
STEADY,
MY DEAR!

YESSIR,
THAT'S
RIGHT!

BUT I DON'T
REMEMBER,
(SOB, SOB) DAD!
IT'S ALL SO
FANTASTIC!

THAT'S A LIE, SR! I WAS
THERE, TOO! GLORIA WAS
WITH ME ALL EVENING! AT
12 O'CLOCK JOHNNY TOOK
A POKE AT TWITCHY AND
DRAGGED HIM INTO THE
NEXT ROOM---



LATER HE CAME BACK ALONE! AT
ONE O'CLOCK HE GAVE GLORIA A
SLEEPING POWDER WITH HER WINE! THEN
WE PUT HER IN THE NEXT ROOM, WITH
THE DEAD BODY OF TWITCHY!
THEN I GAVE THE UNCONCIOUS GIRL AN
INJECTION WHICH CAUSED TEMPORARY
AMNESIA WHEN SHE WOKE UP!



WHY, YOU DIRTY
DOUBLE CROSSING /G*//
SQUEALER, I'LL GET
YOU FOR THIS!

TAKE
IT EASY!
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!

THANK YOU,
DR. FARNS-
WORTH! I
SHALL NEVER
FORGET IT!

OH, HOW
WONDERFUL OF
YOU, KEN! I
WANT TO THANK
YOU---





YES, CHIEF, I HAVE
ONE REQUEST TO MAKE
BEFORE I'M COOKED. HOW
ABOUT LETTING ME FINISH
READING THIS SWELL COPY
OF **PEP COMICS** ?



PEP COMICS FEATURES...



THE SHIELD



THE HANGMAN



CAPT. COMMANDO
AND THE BOY SOLDIERS



ARCHIE

ALONG WITH

1. SERGEANT BOYLE
2. DANNY IN WONDERLAND
3. BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD

JUNIOR FLYING CORPS

COME ON, KIDS! KEEP THE MEMBERSHIP ZOOMING UP!

YES, KIDS... HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO JOIN AN **ACTIVE CLUB**... A CLUB FOR **FIGHTING AMERICANS!**

MEMBERSHIP LIST

BILLY BERG, 114 NORTH THIRD ST., LINDSBURG, KANSAS
JOHN BOYE, 25 BROADWAY, QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS
NORMAN WM. BOWEN, 11 ST. MARKS PL., BROOKLYN, N.Y.
JUNE BOWEN, 11 ST. MARKS PL., BROOKLYN, N.Y.
JUNIOR BROADFOOT, ROUTE 1, CLOVERDALE, ALABAMA
PHILLIP CANCELLA, 301 BELTZHOVER AVE., PITTSBURG, PA.
BONNIE BELL CHASE, 1112 E. EIGHTH ST., PITTSBURG, KANSAS
RITA DEMASE, 2406 MULBERRY WAY, PITTSBURG, PA.
HENRY DEMASE, 2401 PENN. AVE., PITTSBURG, PA.
PATRICIA DRUMMOND, 231 OAK ST., LAWRENCE, MASS.
HERBERT ELLIOTT, 803 NORTH DAVIS ST., SULPHUR SP., TEXAS
HAROLD ELLIS, 111 KY. ST., PRINCETON, INDIANA
ILA ENGLER, BOX 165, EARLY, IOWA
BARBARA EPAMINONDA, 611 PROSPECT AVE., SPRING LAKE, N.J.
LEON FELDMAN, 3306 EASTWOOD, CHICAGO, ILL.
MARTIN Z. FRUCHTMAN, 1340 UPTON A. N., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
BOBBY GER, 1224 E. EAGLE ST., PHILADELPHIA, PENN.
JOHN GOINS, 870 NORTH 7TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PENN.
WALTER GOLDSTEIN, 144-44 75TH AVE., FLUSHING, L.I.
DONALD GREENBERG, 501 EAST RAILROAD, BILOXI, MISS.
BETTY JEAN HILLEBRAND, 1508 HUDSON A., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
SHELDON JACKMAN, 1484 EASTERN PARKWAY, BROOKLYN, N.Y.
RICHARD KELLEHER, 209 2ND ST., RANXIN, PA.
VIRGINIA KERRIGAN, 114 PARK ST., LAWRENCE, MASS.
JIM KNOTEK, 3684 E. 54TH ST., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DONALD KNOTEK, 3684 E. 54TH ST., CLEVELAND, OHIO.
NATALIE KOVES, 1082 SO. BLYD., BRONX, N.Y.
GERALD LABOCE, 494 KELLEY ST., MANCHESTER, N.H.
DANIEL LEONARDI, 90 GROVE ST., HEAMPSTEAD, L.I.
KARON LEVIE, 1235 N. TANEY ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
ERWIN MACIOL, 804 W. 180 ST., APT. 32, NEW YORK, N.Y.
BILLY MCCLINTOCK, 2326 BERWICK BLVD., COLUMBUS, OHIO.
MARIE MENDONSA, ROUTE 2, BOX 83B, GUSTINE CALIF.
HENRY MOORE, 3820 8TH ST., BROOKLYN, MARYLAND
BERNICE MOUGHLER, 1531 MCKINNON AVE., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
ROSE MARIE NEVES, RT. 2, BOX 84, GUSTINE, CALIFORNIA
ALICE C. PALMORE, ROUTE 1, GLEN ALLEN, VIRGINIA
BETTY JANE PULVER, 88 OAK ST., RIVER ROUGE, MICH.
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TIMOTHY ROBINSON, 1822 BATHGATE AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.
STEVE ROZA, 108 PRESIDENT ST., PASSAIC, N.J.
CHARLES SANTARPIA, 2247 1ST STREET, NEW YORK
CYRIL SCHMITT, 124 CLIMAX ST., PITTSBURGH, PA.
DAVID SNYDER, 3807 EIGHTH A., BKLYN., BALTIMORE, MD.
SHIRLEY MAE STILL, 58 LUMLEY AVE., FT. THOMAS, KY.
EUGENE SZUREK, 6141 RANSPATCH, DETROIT, MICH.
VINCENT TOMEI, 1435 S. 9TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
JULIUS TROUT, 249 E. ROCKLAND ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
JOHN VERNAGLIA, 324 MONROE ST., HOBOKEN, N.J.
ADELARD VERRANEAU, 1/2 R. TURCOTTE, PLAINFIELD, CONN., BOX 257

HERE'S HOW YOU JOIN: WRITE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND AGE ON A PENNY POSTCARD OR LETTER, AND MAIL IT TO **JUNIOR FLYING CORPS** ROOM 315, 60 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK CITY... THEN WATCH **HANGMAN COMICS** FOR YOUR NAME ON THE MEMBERSHIP LIST!

FLASH NEWS! NEXT ISSUE, THE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS WILL PRESENT THE FIRST IN A SERIES OF BUILDING PLANS FOR MODEL AIRPLANES. THERE WILL ALSO APPEAR, FROM TIME TO TIME, SHORT NEWS ITEMS AND STORIES ABOUT FLYING AND FLIERS! IF YOU KNOW ANY INTERESTING AIRPLANE NEWS OR JOKES, WRITE THEM UP, NOT MORE THAN FIFTY WORDS IN LENGTH, SEND THEM IN! THE BEST WILL BE PRINTED ON THIS PAGE! DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF HANGMAN COMICS AND THESE SWELL NEW FEATURES!

The BOY BIDDIES



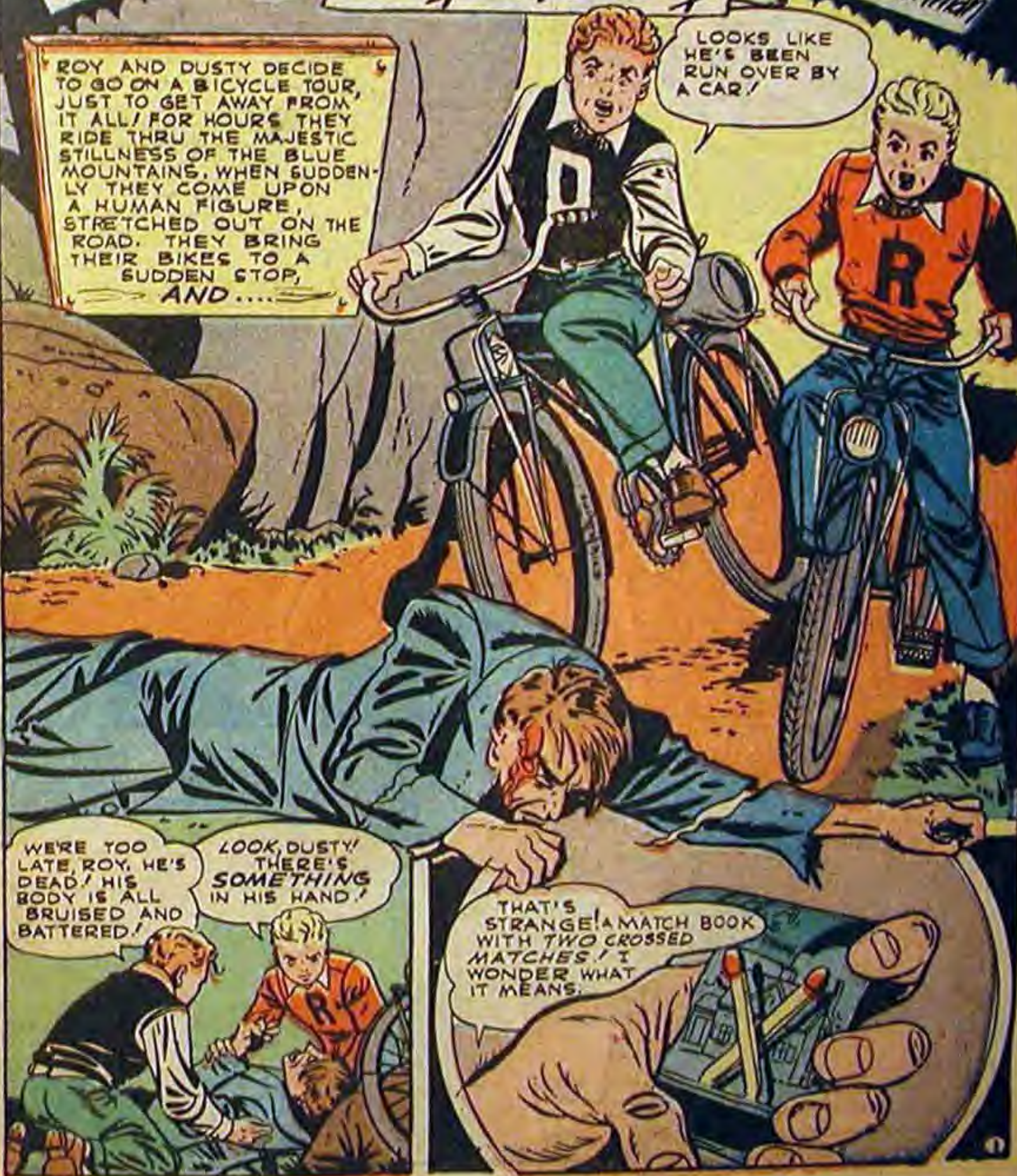
SPECIAL CASE NO. II

Roy and Dusty

by Paul Reinman

ROY AND DUSTY DECIDE TO GO ON A BICYCLE TOUR, JUST TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL! FOR HOURS THEY RIDE THRU THE MAJESTIC STILLNESS OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS. WHEN SUDDENLY THEY COME UPON A HUMAN FIGURE, STRETCHED OUT ON THE ROAD. THEY BRING THEIR BIKES TO A SUDDEN STOP, AND

LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN RUN OVER BY A CAR!



WE'RE TOO LATE, ROY. HE'S DEAD! HIS BODY IS ALL BRUISED AND BATTERED!

LOOK, DUSTY! THERE'S SOMETHING IN HIS HAND!

THAT'S STRANGE! A MATCH BOOK WITH TWO CROSSED MATCHES! I WONDER WHAT IT MEANS.



DUSTY PUTS
THE MATCH BOX
IN HIS POCKET...

WHAT ARE
WE GOING TO
DO WITH HIM?
WE CAN'T
LEAVE HIM
HERE!

ROY AND DUSTY CUT
TWO STRONG BRANCHES
FROM A TREE TO
MAKE A STRETCHER.

NOW CONNECT
THE BLANKETS
WITH THE STICKS
AND TIE IT
TO THE FRAME
OF THE BIKE?

LET'S
HOPE
IT'S
STRONG
ENOUGH!

NOW KEEP
YOUR FEET
ON YOUR
BIKE....
THAT'S IT!

IT'S A GOOD
THING WE
HAD THOSE
BLANKETS
WITH US!

SEE THAT
SIGN OVER
THERE! TWO
MORE MILES
TO THE NEXT
TOWN!

THAT'S THE
PLACE...
ROY!

WHAT ON EARTH
IS THAT? WHAT
HAPPENED TO
HIM? IS HE
DEAD?

WE FOUND HIM ON THE
ROAD IN THE MOUNTAINS!
HE WAS ALREADY DEAD.
SO WE TOOK HIM STRAIGHT
TO YOUR
OFFICE,
SHERIFF!

SHERIFF

HOURS LATER...

WELL, BOYS, THE DOCTORS SAID THAT HE DIED BY FALLING OFF THE CLIFF AND HE WAS THEN RUN OVER BY A CAR! YOU DID YOUR BEST! YOU KIN LEAVE NOW!

S'LONG, BOYS!

I CAN'T FORGET THE DEAD MAN'S FACE! THE SHERIFF SAID THERE WERE NO IDENTIFICATION MARKS ON HIM!

I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THE WHOLE THING!

FORGET IT AND STOP PLAYING DETECTIVE, WILL YA!

A FEW HOURS LATER.

I'M GETTING TIRED, LET'S STOP AT THAT INN OVER THERE!

HEY, DUSTY, LOOK AT THOSE TWO **CROSSED TREES** IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE!

WHY, THESE **TREES** AND THE **INN** BEHIND IT ARE JUST LIKE THE **MATCH-COVER** WE FOUND IN THE DEAD MAN'S HAND!

YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S GO IN AND FIND OUT! I HAVE A HUNCH THESE PEOPLE KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THAT ACCIDENT!

I'M SORRY, BOYS, BUT WE HAF NO EMPTY ROOMS! THEY'RE ALL TAKEN!

Welcome
BREWERS CONVENTION

CAN'T YOU ZEE WE HAF A CONVENTION??

YOU DON'T MIND IF WE HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT BEFORE WE LEAVE!

I'M HUNGRY!

ALL RIGHT!

MAYBE I'M WRONG, BUT LOOK AT ALL THOSE GERMANS IN THERE! JUST LIKE A BUND MEETING!

YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S STICK AROUND AS LONG AS POSSIBLE!

BUT MAYBE IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE... MANY BREWERS ARE OF GERMAN STOCK!

I HAVE AN IDEA!

I'M PUTTING THE CATSUP BOTTLE IN MY POCKET! WE'RE GOING TO FAKE AN ACCIDENT, GET IT?

THAT'S A CLEVER IDEA, DUSTY. LET'S SEE IF IT WORKS!

BOY, OH, BOY, IF THEY GET WISE, WE'RE SUNK!

I'M SORRY, MISTER, MY FRIEND FELL OFF HIS BIKE AND GOT HIMSELF A NASTY CUT! WE CAN'T LEAVE NOW YOU'VE GOT TO PUT US UP OVER NIGHT!

WHAT?... ALL RIGHT, COME IN!

IF I REFUSE, THEY MIGHT GET SUSPICIOUS... THEY MIGHT TALK! IF I LET THEM IN, I TAKE AN AWFUL CHANCE.....

WELL?

ALL RIGHT, FOLLOW ME! I HAVF A VERY SMALL ROOM FOR YOU! IT'S NOT A REGULAR GUEST ROOM, BUT IT'LL DO, I HOPE!

WELL, HERE WE ARE, BOYS!

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, SIR! WE WON'T FORGET IT!

I HOPE YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT IN THE MORNING!

BY AN UNLUCKY COINCIDENCE THE CLERK PATS ROY ON THE SHOULDER AS HE BRUSHES BY AND DISCOVERS THE ..

KEEHOOP

HEINRICH, WE HAVF TWO KIDS IN OUR HOUSE WHO FAKED AN ACCIDENT SO I WOULD GIFF THEM A ROOM! I'M AFRAID THEY KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT THIS PLACE!.. ANYWAY I LOCKED THEM INTO THE CORNER ROOM!

welcome
CONVENT

THE DOOR..... WHY, IT'S LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE! LOOKS LIKE WE FELL INTO A TRAP!

WHAT'S A MATTER, ROY?

HOLY SMOKE! LOOK AT THAT! STEEL SHUTTERS AT THE WINDOWS!!





LUCKILY, THE BOY BUDDIES ARE THROWN CLEAR OFF THE WRECKAGE AND LAND MINUS THEIR OUTER CLOTHING ON THE LAWN...

GOOD THING WE WORE OUR SUPER OUTFITS UNDERNEATH! ...ARE YOU HURT DUSTY?

I'M ALL RIGHT, I GUESS!

BUT A FEW SECONDS LATER A MIGHTY EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE STILL OF THE NIGHT...

FRIGHTENED THE NAZIS POUR OUT THROUGH THE DOOR..

AFTER THEM MEN, DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!

HURRY UP! DUSTY, HERE COMES THE ARTILLERY!

LET'S HIDE IN HERE!



HERE COMES THE FIRST ONE!

LET ME GIVE HIM MY SPECIAL ATTENTION!

HERE, GOES NO. 1 ON THE HIT PARADE!



JUST DROP IN,
RIGHT NEXT TO
YOUR
FRIEND!

HE'S ALL YOURS,
ROY, AND IN
UNIFORM TOO!
HOW CHARMING!
TSK, TSK!

WHAM!

I'VE GOT
THE ANSWER
TO OUR
PRAYERS!

I GUESS THIS
WAS OUR LAST
VISITOR!

LOOK AT THAT,
DUSTY! A SHORT
WAVE BROAD-
CASTING SET!
IT SEEMS WE
STUMBLED
RIGHT INTO
THEIR HEAD-
QUARTERS

WHAT ARE WE GOING
TO DO WITH THAT BUNCH?
WE CAN'T CARRY THEM
ALL TO THE
AUTHORITIES,
OR CAN WE?

JUST A
MOMENT,
ROY!

JUST TIE
THE CHAIN
AROUND THE
SHED AND I'LL
ATTACH IT TO
THE TRACTOR!

THAT'S
A SWELL
IDEA! THIS
SHED IS MADE
OF CORRUGATED
METAL I DON'T
THINK IT'LL
FALL
APART!

SEE HOW
EASY IT IS!
I ONLY WONDER
WHERE THE OTHERS
ARE! THERE
MUST HAVE
BEEN MORE
!!

OH, LOOK
AT THAT!
TRYIN' TO GET
AWAY! GIVE 'EM
THE OLD HEAVE-HO
BUT
MECHANICALLY
!!

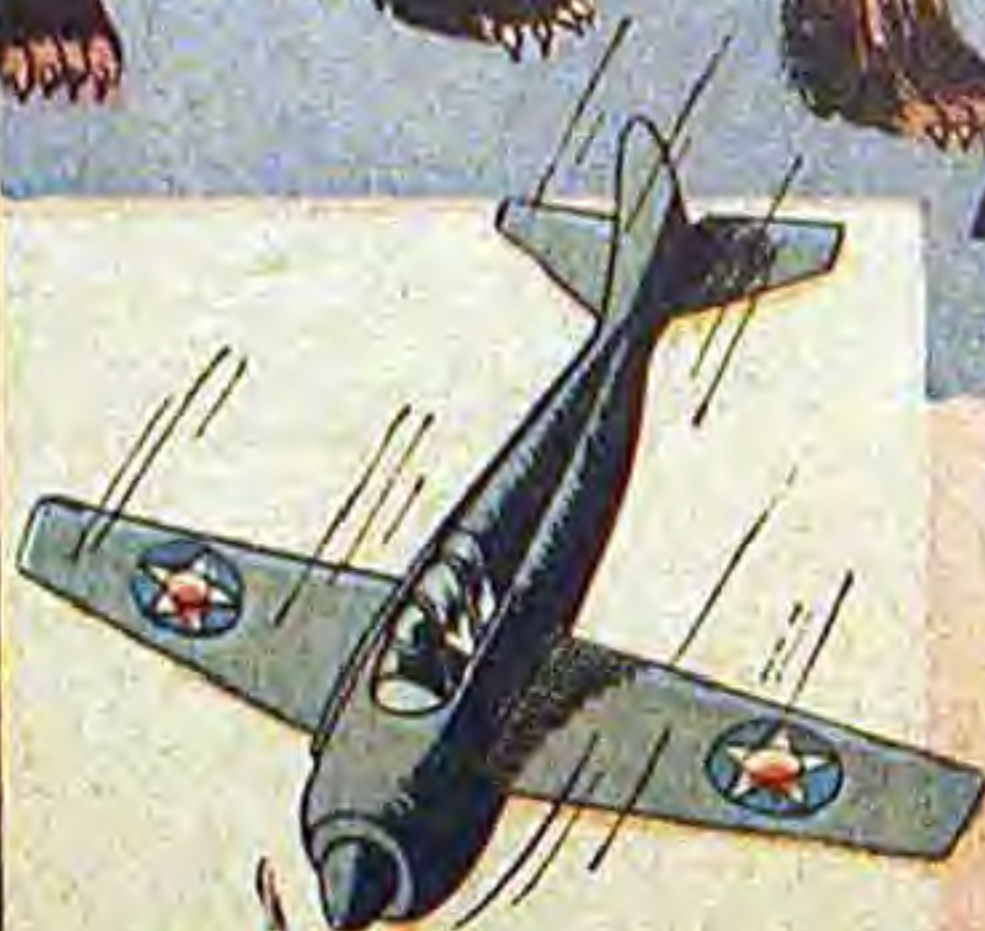


WORLD WONDERS



LARGEST BEAR

THE WORLD'S
LARGEST BEAR
IS THE HUGE
1600 POUND
**ALASKA
BROWN
BEAR!**



A BOMB DROPPED FROM A DIVE
BOMBER FALLS ONLY HALF AS
FAST AS ONE DROPPED FROM A
HIGH, LEVEL
FLYING BOMBER!

Utah

Colorado

• KETCHIKAN ALE

• COATSE

• GARRISO

• SHIPROCK



Arizona

New Mexico



THE ONLY PLACE
IN THE WORLD
WHERE 4
STATES COME
TOGETHER IS
AT THE FOUR
CORNERS OF
UTAH, COLORADO,
ARIZONA AND
NEW MEXICO!



THE **CALTROP**
GROWS IN WATER SO
THICKLY AND
RAPIDLY THAT IT
HAS BEEN KNOWN
TO STOP BOATS
FROM MOVING....
IN ANCIENT TIMES
ITS THORNY FLOWER
WAS THROWN INTO
THE PATHS OF
THE INVADING
ARMIES MOUNTED
ON ELEPHANTS.

Be a RADIO Technician



J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute
Established 27 years
He has directed the training of more men for the
Radio Industry than anyone else.

**I Train Beginners at Home for Good
Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs
More Now Make \$30 \$40 \$50
a Week Than Ever Before**

Here's your opportunity to get a good job in a busy wartime industry with a big peacetime future! There is a shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. If you're in a rut, worried because your present job will not last—find out about RADIO!

Mail the Coupon. I will send you FREE my 64-page, illustrated book, **RICH REWARDS IN RADIO**. It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs. Tells how N. R. I. trains you at home in spare time. How you learn by building and testing your own Radio Circuits with **SIX BIG KITS OF RADIO PARTS** I send!

Many Beginners Quickly Learn to Make \$5, \$10 A Week Extra in Spare Time

Many N. R. I. Students make extra money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. I send **EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS** that tell how to do it!

Right now, probably in your neighborhood, there's room for more spare and full time Radio Technicians. The Radio repair business is booming, because no new Radios are being made. Many spare time Technicians are starting their own FULL time business... making \$30, \$40, \$50 a week!

Other Radio trained men take good-pay jobs with Radio Broadcasting Stations. Many more are needed for Government jobs as Civilian Operators, Technicians. Radio manufacturers employ trained Technicians to help fill Government wartime orders. Aviation, Commercial, Police Radio and Loudspeaker Systems are live, growing fields. And think of the NEW jobs Television, Frequency Modulation, and other Radio developments will open after the war! I give you the Radio knowledge required for jobs in these fields.

How My "50-50 Method" Paves The Way To Bigger Pay

My 50-50 Method—half building and testing Radio Circuits, half learning from interesting, illustrated lessons—is a tested, proved method. Before you know it you are "old friends" with the miracle of Radio. You run your own Spare Time Shop, fix the Radios of your friends and neighbors—get paid while learning!

A Great School Helps You Toward The Rich Rewards of Radio

I've seen my method help thousands jump their pay. It is a time tested, practical way to prepare for a full time Radio job paying up to \$50 a week. Instead of struggling along by yourself, you "team up" with an organization that knows how to help beginners get started.

Extra Pay in Army, Navy, Too

Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the coupon now! Learning Radio helps men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duties, **MUCH HIGHER PAY**. Also prepares for good Radio jobs after service ends. Hundreds of service men now enrolled.

Find Out What N. R. I. Can Do For You

MAIL THE COUPON for my FREE 64-page book. It is packed with Radio facts, things you never knew about opportunities in Broadcasting, Radio Servicing, Manufacturing, other Radio fields.

You'll read complete descriptions of my Course—"50-50 Method"—6 Experimental Kits—Extra Money Job Sheets. You'll see the fascinating jobs Radio offers and how YOU can train at home. You'll read many letters from men I trained telling what they are doing, earning. No obligation. Just MAIL THE COUPON! J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3AM7, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

THIS FREE BOOK HAS HELPED HUNDREDS OF MEN MAKE MORE MONEY

TRAINING MEN FOR VITAL RADIO JOBS

FREE TO MEN WHO WANT BETTER JOBS

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3AM7
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Mail me FREE without obligation, your 64-page book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____



Set Servicing pays many N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 extra a week in spare time.

Broadcasting Stations employ N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



Radio Operators find good jobs with Government Departments, Shipping Companies and in Commercial Aviation; opportunities are increasing in these fields.



I Trained These Men

\$10 a Week in Spare Time

"I repaired some Radio sets when I was on my tenth lesson. I really don't see how you can give so much for such a small amount of money. I made \$600 in a year and a half, and I have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time." JOHN JERRY, 1237 Kalanath Street, Denver, Colorado.

\$200 a Month in Own Business

"For several years I have been in business for myself making around \$200 a month. Business has steadily increased. I have N. R. I. to thank for my start in this field." ARLEN J. FROENKER, 200 W. TEXAS AVE., Gons Creek, Texas.

N. R. I. Student Now Lieutenant in U. S. Army Signal Corps

"I cannot divulge any information as to my type of work, but I can say that N. R. I. training is certainly coming in mighty handy these days!" (Name and address omitted for military reasons.)

RICH REWARDS IN RADIO



HURRY! HURRY!

SELL SEEDS FOR VICTORY GARDENS GET YOUR PRIZE!



**GENE AUTRY
COMPLETE
HOLSTER SET**

You can be a straight
shooting cowboy with
this Gene Autry
holster, complete
with
handkerchief
and hat. Given for selling only one
order of American Seeds.

\$1000.00
IN PRIZE AWARDS
In addition to your regular prize
WITH CASH or U.S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS
Mail Coupon TODAY



**NEW
CAMERON-TYPE
CAMERA**—easy to operate. Given for
selling only one order of American Seeds.



"TAKE-IT-ALONG"—Gil's
Greenlight Case. Dozens of uses.
Kings! Sell only one order.



WRIST WATCHES for boys, girls, men and
women. Given for selling only one order,
plus 75c extra.



BASKET BALL SET given for selling
only one order of American Seeds.



Given for
selling only one order. Sent express collect—
SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED.



**A DELUXE
FISHING OUTFIT**
—rod, reel, line and hooks
complete. Given for selling
one order American Seeds,
plus 25c extra.



COMPLETE CROQUET SET for
4 players. Mallets, balls, wickets
and stakes all given for selling
only one order American Seeds.



**GIRLS! You'll love this FULL SIZE
TOILET AND MANICURE SET.** Given
for selling only one order.



**Gene Autry
Guitar**
This
Genuine
Gene Autry
Guitar will de-
light you. Given
for selling only
one order PLUS
\$1.00 extra.



PEPPERELL BLANKET
Genuine Pepperell
"Woolmark" Blanket
for selling only one order.



VICTORY LIGHT. Easily
aimed flashlight with three
lenses—\$1.00 for warning
\$1.00 for regular use, \$1.00
for blackouts. Complete
with batteries. Sell one order.



CHEMISTRY SET. Famous
"Chemcraft" for interesting
home experiments. Sell only
one order of American Seeds.



VICTORY WATCH & TOB
Home-made Modern Pocket
Watch. Sell only one order
of American Seeds.



GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY—SELL SEEDS FOR VICTORY GARDENS

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book
are given **WITHOUT COST** for selling only one 40-pack order of
American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some
of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds for Victory Gardens—they're
fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize
at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds
sold. **GET BUSY**—send coupon today for free prize book and seeds.

OUR 36TH YEAR.

Send No Money—We Trust You

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 907, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 907, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and
Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money
promptly, and get my prize.

My choice
of prize is _____

Name _____

R.F.D. Box
or Street No. _____

City _____ State _____

THE "VICTORY BADGE"
WE SEND YOU, HELPS
YOU TO SELL SEEDS